

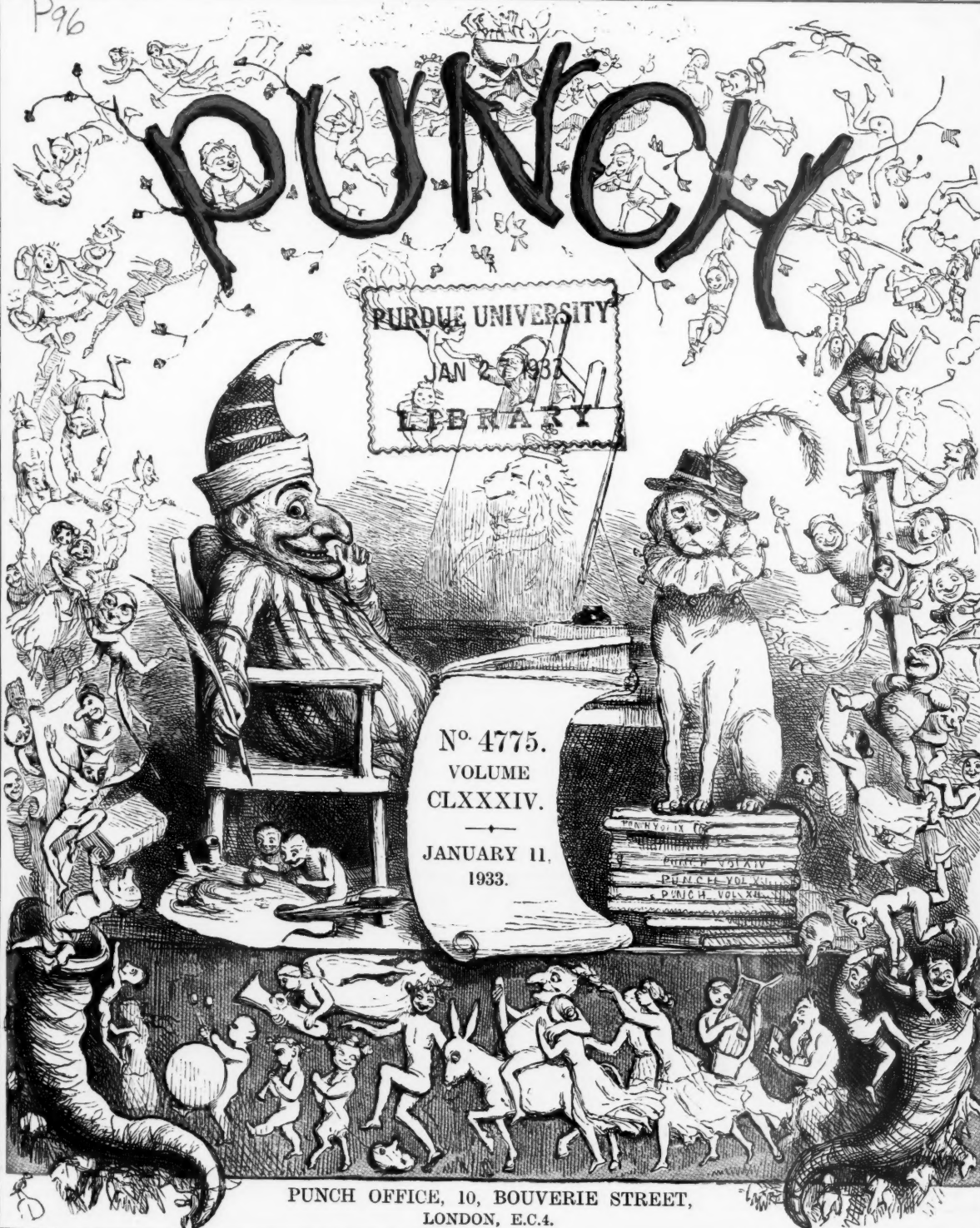
# CADBURY

*Maker of  
fine Chocolates*

052  
P96

NOTICE.—Contributions of Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a Stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all accepted contributions is reserved to the Proprietors, who will, however, always consider any request from the author for permission to reproduce.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. PRICE SIXPENCE



Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers—Inland Postage, 30/- per annum; Overseas, 36/- per annum; (Canada, 34/- per annum).

Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in "Punch" is specifically reserved throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION and the U.S.A. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office, 1903.

PUNCH OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.4.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

## CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

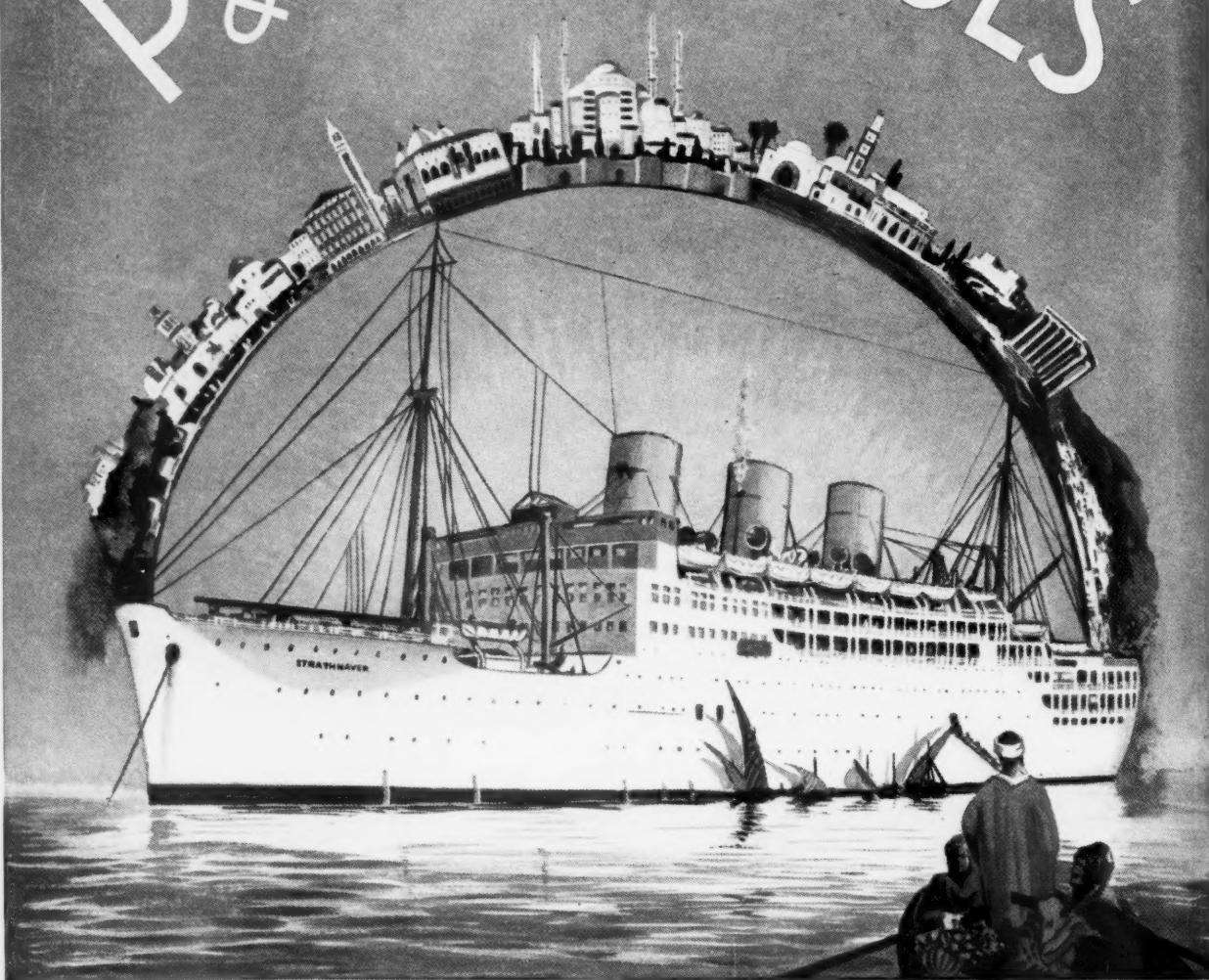
Postage of this Issue—United Kingdom and Ireland, 1d. Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

By the electric ships  
**STRATHNAVER**  
**STRATHAIRD**  
VICEROY of INDIA



AROUND the  
**COASTS** of  
**EUROPE**, the  
NEAR EAST, &c.

# P & O CRUISES



## LET US SEND YOU "P & O CRUISES, 1933"

A most enjoyable Holiday at moderate cost

City Office :  
130, Leadenhall St.  
E.C.3  
(Avenue 5514)

WRITE, CALL OR 'PHONE

**P & O CRUISES, 14, Cockspur St., London, s.w.1**

(Whitehall  
4444)

Strand Office :  
Australia House  
W.C.2  
(Temple Bar 7924)





## Charivaria.

A THOUSAND bombs were recently discovered in a Barcelona garage. They are believed to be the property of some man who is dabbling in local politics.

The fact that an actress has been summoned for keeping a Pekinese without a licence suggests that these animals are now classified as dogs.

It has been estimated that six men are constantly employed looking after London's statues. It is not known why.

The suspicion is growing among income-tax collectors that many Englishmen possess wealth untold.

A Londoner says that one night he heard strange laughter near St. Paul's. Perhaps it was Dean INGE relaxing.

An essayist says he can think of nothing more ghastly than the modern feminine hat. Perhaps not, but we have moments of depression when we fear that somebody will.

A French Court having ruled that a man has a right to open his wife's letters, all that he now needs is the courage.

In a football-match at Portsmouth in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for Unemployed, a team of clergy defeated another composed of doctors and solicitors by five to one. Evidently the latter did not know how to charge.

A competition was held at a London fête to discover the man with the loudest laugh. The winner was presented with a permanent seat at the B.B.C. vaudeville studio.

"When a fire occurred in a residence at Aberdeen," states a writer, "the owner for some time refused to jump into a blanket that was held to receive him." It was, as he explained later, his best blanket.

Walking is said to be a cure for a person when run-down. Anyhow, being run-down is a cure for walking.

A free fight recently took place in a Scottish theatre. We understand, more-

over, that it was only with the utmost difficulty that the management were persuaded not to charge for it.

The happiest days in the life of a Los Angeles film-actress are her wedding-days.

A morose panther in a menagerie has killed two hyenas. That will teach them not to laugh.

"Fashion's latest joke," says a writer, "is the return of the hatpin."

patience). Well, my lad, and what have you been doing?

Son. Flicks.

B.W. Fl—? Er—what—?

Wife. Charles means that we went to the talkies, Father.

B.W. Oh, I see. Well, and was it a good performance?

Son. Ah-huh.

B.W. Er—what did you say?

Wife. He means "Yes," Father.

B.W. (with a sigh). Oh, that means "Yes," does it? Well, what did you see?

Son. Aw, Bernie Colt in *Gunplay*.

He's swell.

B.W. He's what?

Wife. That means that he's good, Father.

B.W. (nettled). Oh, does it? Well, why can't he say so instead—?

Son. Say so? Gee, Parp, ya gotta loirrn de lingo. Ut's grreat. Say, ya should haoirrd summa dem erracks.

B.W. What on earth are you talking about, Charlie?

Son. Aw gee, Maw; wut's eatin' Paw? Ah onlee gotta spilla woirrd an' he gets all balled up.

B.W. (parentally). Look here, my lad, none of your sauce. I can't understand what you're talking about, but it doesn't sound—

Son. F'rret ut. Say, gimme a brreak, willya?

B.W. (roused). Break! I'll break your—

Wife. Now, now, Father; Charles is tired. Don't bully him.

Son. Aw gee—snap owter vit. Say, doancher evurr eat in dis joint? Ah'm hungree. Watta bouta cuppa cawfee anna cupla hart dawgs?

Wife. All right, Charles; I'll get supper now. You tell Father about the film.

Son. Say, Parp, you oughta go see dat guy Bernie. Say, can he act orr can he act? Ah'll tell de woirrd. Gee, ya oughta see him draw dat gat. Say, he's so—

B.W. (desperately). For the love of—

Son. Gwawn, Paw, spill ut. "For de luvva Pete"—dat's grreat. Say, ya surelee got de eyedeea. Loirrn de lingo. Attadaddy.

B.W. (perspiring). Good gracious me! What on earth is the boy talking about now? Loin de—

Son. Aw shucks! Doancher knaw nuttin'? Cummawn, be yerr age, Paw. T'ink on yerr feet.

B.W. S-A-Y, Son, beat ut, d'ya get me?—Gwawn—S-C-R-R-A-M!



Nervous Guest. "IS—ER—THIS ROOM H-HAUNTED?"  
Host. "ONLY SLIGHTLY, OLD MAN—ONLY SLIGHTLY."

We feel sure that passengers in crowded railway-carriages will have most amusing times when the point of the joke comes home to them.

"... the death of Richard Wagner, the immortal German composer."—*Sunday Paper*.  
So he wasn't, after all.

### Loirrn de Lingo; or, The Dangers of Cinemese.

The Breadwinner has returned from the City. Enter his Wife and his Son.

The B.W. Well, my dear, so you've come back? (Son makes an inarticulate noise in his throat, indicative of im-

## Victoria Calling.

(A More or Less Tennysonian Memory of January 2nd, 1933.)

I WENT into the bathroom wearily,  
 As one who wanders in a waking sleep,  
 And even as I turned the water on  
 I heard a voice, a voice I did not know,  
 Veiled by the thin partition of a wall,  
 Speaking to someone who was still in bed,  
 Which made it certain that the bath was free.  
 Methought, "There is a plumber in the house,  
 Having forgotten by some chance his tools,  
 Or unaccompanied by his mate forsworn,  
 And he it is who speaketh. Or perhaps  
 Some builder ambering upward to the roof  
 Intent on the repairing of a tile  
 And clinging to his ladder perilously  
 Talks through a window in an alien tongue  
 Like to our own yet somewhat racier;  
 Or else some friend, some would-be humourist,  
 Returning from a rout at early dawn,  
 Half influenced by the grape and half in fun  
 Has crashed into our home at unawares."

With that I burst into the room and found,  
 Not, as I deemed, a British working-man  
 Framed in the window and his cheerful face  
 Having about it tendrils of the vine  
 Mixed with the nightly growth that fringed his lips,  
 But only Charles, hog-nestled in the sheets,  
 And a great box beside him. Thence there came  
 A sound of speaking; and he murmured, "Hush!  
 This is the voice of KIPPAX! KIPPAX speaks,  
 Bringing the news up from the underworld  
 Of the Great Test. More things are wrought by air  
 Than this world dreams of, if it does not read  
 The wireless-programmes very carefully."

"Who then are in?" I asked him. "Who is batting?"  
 And slowly answered Charles from out his bed,  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new;  
 LEYLAND has been sent in with SUTCLIFFE first,  
 And two good Yorkshiremen confront the world."

At once I was in Melbourne listening,  
 Where falls not rain nor hail nor any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly, but the pitch  
 Occasionally shows some signs of wear.  
 And KIPPAX spoke to us, and as he spoke  
 I mused upon the mystery, and beheld  
 An ocean Empire with her myriad homes  
 Made one by anxiousness to hear the tale  
 Of how the Test went in Victoria:  
 And formed a shadowy picture as I shaved  
 Of tiers on countless tiers of wireless-sets  
 Linked with long waves about the B.B.C. EVOE.

## Far From Land.

As he paced nautically along, an old pipe between his teeth, the land seemed to recede behind him, and he felt that a long time would elapse before he set foot again on English soil.

All around him and under his feet was the sea. The same old sea that his forbears had forborne to fear. He wondered what Maria was doing in their little home so far away, and whether she missed him. Gulls swooped overhead, and one of them, coming very near, regarded him with a glassy eye, as if it wished he had been a fish.

A great ship, homeward bound, passed almost within hail, and a feeling of sentiment flooded over him. Within a few hours those happy folk would be in the great city, among the lights and laughter and the merry honk of hooters.

He envied them. He almost wished that he had never taken this accursed task; but duty called, and here he was. The pay was all right, the hours were not too long, but he felt an exile from his kind.

What would he not have given to wander (in the words of the old song) where his dear companions dwell (still in the words of the old song)!

Unhappy fate! Miserable wretch that he was! How heartily he wished he had not taken this terrible job of scraping seaweed off the end of Southport Pier!

## To Mrs. Beeton

Whose picture has been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

IN pre-war days, when food was nice and cheap,  
 How much I prized your valuable book!  
 Between its covers I would always peep  
 Before I went to interview the cook;  
 And when she said, "What orders, M'm, to-day?"  
 I had my answer ready right away.

What matter though you used a dozen eggs  
 To make a simple cake for nursery tea?  
 (Alluded to, I think, as "Auntie Meg's")  
 So rich it could not possibly agree  
 With any human child I've ever known,  
 And far, far less with persons fully grown.

Your trifles, light as air, contained a quart  
 Of sherry and at least a pint of cream;  
 When, having caught your hare, you added port  
 And best beef-steak, it tasted like a dream.  
 This happened in the days before the dole;  
 Now we're content with "Bunny Casserole."

Past mistress of the culinary art,  
 You once reigned in our kitchens like a queen,  
 And used fresh butter when you made a tart,  
 While we put up with stuff called margarine.  
 For substitutes you hadn't any use,  
 But lack of money must be our excuse.

Young brides declared their honeymoons well spent  
 In studying each new and dainty dish  
 Contained in *Beeton's Household Management*.  
 They learned one hundred ways of cooking fish  
 And how to cope with meat and fowl and fruit;  
 Their motto then, as now, was "Feed the brute."

But still, though you are sadly out of date,  
 We like to see your picture on the wall.  
 Among those people designated great  
 You hang, and smile serenely on them all,  
 Reminder of the glorious days of old  
 Before Britannia's sad farewell to gold.

"Health Week this year will begin from to-morrow and the annual cleaning up of verbiage and old receptacles will begin."  
*Barbados Paper.*

O for a Health Week at Westminster!

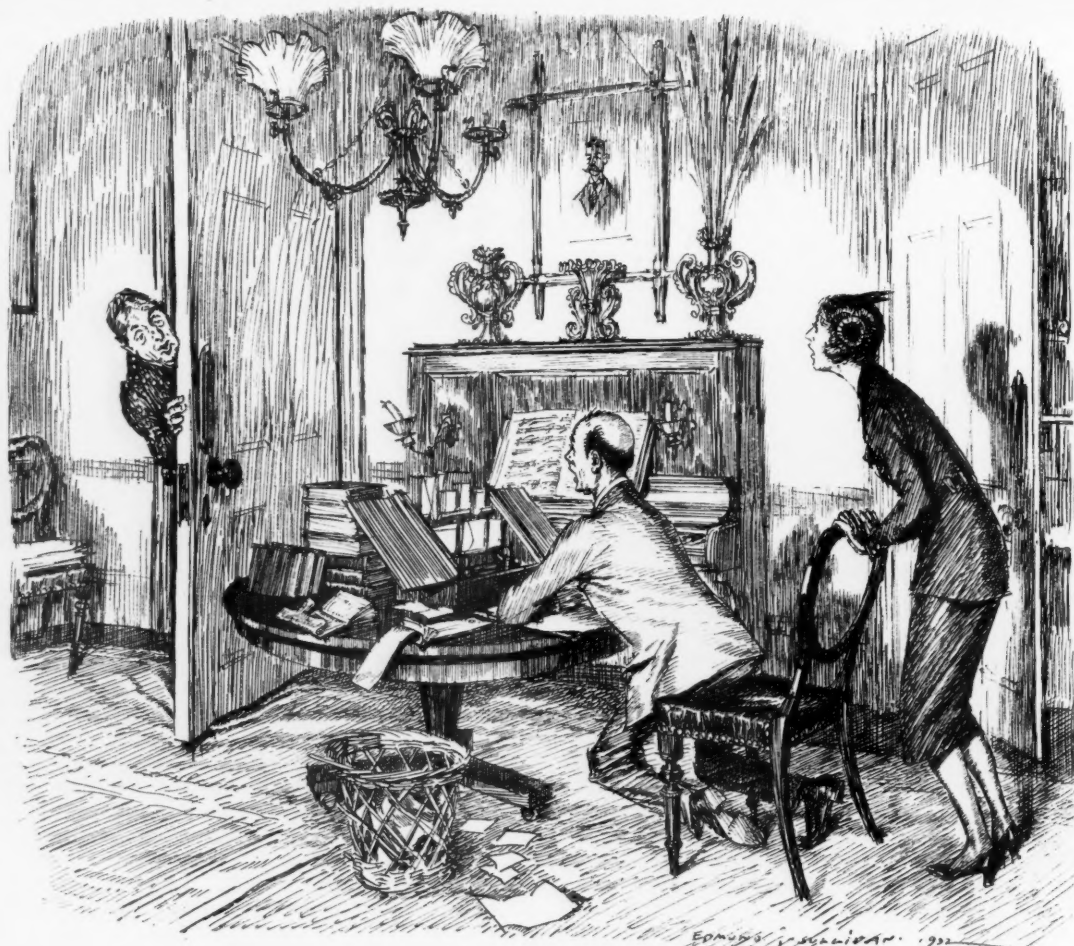
"Mr. Bert Humphreys flew over an hour in a little red machine that had been made, I was told, by an Air Force Corporal in an idle moment."—*Gossip in Evening Paper.*  
 They hope at the Air Ministry that he will be lazy enough to build them a few bombers now and then.





FREAKS OF FATE;  
OR, THE TWO EX-PREMIERS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*listening to M. PADEREWSKI*). "AH, ME! I OFTEN WISH I HAD TAKEN UP SOME KIND OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MYSELF WHEN I WAS YOUNG."



## THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

Anxious Wife and Harassed Husband. "OH, MRS. BROWN, MRS. BROWN, WHOEVER'S KNOCKING LIKE THAT?" Landlady. "IT'S THE INCOME-COLLECTOR."

## The Omnibus Diary for 1933.

[By accident the review of this great work was omitted from our issue of Jan. 4th.]

SOMETHING entirely new in diary production! Think what this means to you. Never before (and I shall say this in various ways about a dozen times before we are through) has such value for money been offered to the public. Stationers all over the world are ecstatic about it; the scene in Stationers' Hall when the news first leaked out beggars description. In short, a diary of diaries, a prince among publications, the business man's boon and the sportsman's *sin qua non*—such is the great *Omnibus Diary* for 1933. And cheap! Why, good Heavens! the cost of printing the semi-colons alone, of which there are fourteen thousand, was far in excess of the price you are asked to pay. Never before (I warned you) has such a sacrifice been made, and it cannot be repeated, because there are no semi-colons left in stock. So fill in the order-form at once and the thing is yours, the italics are mine and the publisher gets the rest. Delay may prove fatal, as the issue is strictly limited and

only the senders of the first hundred thousand letters opened next Monday can be sure of obtaining a copy.

For many years special diaries have been provided for the use of schoolboys, scouts, motorists, philatelists and other indispensable members of society; but it has long been recognised that something more comprehensive was needed for the man of wide interests and multiple occupations. The *Omnibus Diary* is the answer to that demand. Handy in size, convenient in shape and finished in old Morocco, where the Fez comes from, it caters for the needs of everyone. No longer will the motoring scout or the schoolboy with a taste for philately be obliged to buy two diaries. No longer must the archaeologist and the balloon-addict sigh in vain for the information about antiquities and altitudes that they respectively desire. It is all here. For the *O.D.* embraces within its scope every conceivable branch of human activity, from abattoir-building to zoology. Actors, animal-trainers, lawyers, gardeners, doctors, buglers, busmen, gasfitters, anglers and trenchermen—no one has been forgotten. The compilation of so much material and its compression within the compass of a neat and compan-



ionable volume, finished in old Morocco (by genuine Arabs), represents a triumph of book-production. Order now.

The first five hundred pages of this little book are devoted to information both of a special and general character. Here you will find, besides the mean diameter of the sun and the times of low-water at Greenwich, Barnstaple, Cleethorpes and other popular resorts, a chapter on Bee-keeping, an Average-adjuster, forty-eight pages on Petty Larceny, a space for the number of your watch, some notes on Pleurisy, the Fat-Stock Prices, Postal Facilities in Burma, "Come to the Cookhouse Door, Boys" (words and music), a list of Hindu festivals, hints on Bridge, Scoutercraft, Necromancy, Polo, Police-work, and the results of every game of Badminton played between Ilfracombe and Dawlish since the inception of the fixture in 1861. It is of course impossible to indicate more than a tithe of the good things which this section of the book has to offer, but the foregoing selection will perhaps suffice to show the scope and diversity of its contents. Special features are two full-sized coloured plates of British birds' eggs, a folding map of Australia (shaded to show where the sheep are thickest), and an Insurance Policy covering you against pins and needles and the risk of injury from falling parachutists.

But if imagination boggles at the grandeur of Section I., what is it to do when we come to contemplate the closing stages of the work? That there are columns for cash-accounts, school time-tables and letters sent out and received goes without saying; but that is only the beginning. Page after page, ruled out in every known and several hitherto unattempted ways, confronts the bewildered eye; in places the network of lines rivals Clapham Junction. Are you a Naturalist anxious to record the first appearance on our shores of the Rugged Ouzel?—there are columns for your use headed "Date," "Name of Bird," "Where Seen" and "Remarks" (if any). A Company-promoter?—You will find a page headed "Profits," with sub-divisions for Self and Company. An Elephant-broker?—What more can you wish to enter than "No. of Elephants," "When Broken" and "My Commission"? A Hiker?—Provision has been made for your Mileage, Weather Encountered, and Remarks (if repeatable). In addition to all this there is almost unlimited space for Personal Memoranda. Never before, if I may say so, have so many blank pages been brought together outside the covers of a writing-pad. For scribbling, jotting, drawing, squills and noughts-and-crosses the *Omnibus Diary* stands alone.

It remains to disclose the most revolutionary and stupefying feature of this unique production. The central or day-to-day portion of the book offers advantages which no other diary can hope to rival, for it has been found necessary



Guest (who has been given a mount). "HAS MY HORSE COME BACK?"  
Groom. "YESSIR; SCARED TO DEATH. NO ONE'S EVER FALLEN OFF 'IM BEFORE."

to include under each day's date so much information, so many events and anniversaries, that *positively no space whatever* is left for personal entries. This means that you need not even *pretend* you are going to write a daily account of your doings in 1933. If that doesn't sell the book nothing will. I append a beef\* extract from page 501 (January 1st):—

#### Sunday, January 1st.

New Year's Day. Bank Holiday in Scotland. Feast of the White Elephant in Siam. Income-tax (First instalment) payable.  
Wireless, dog, car, driving, gun, game and marriage licences renewable. Death of General Glossop, 1747.  
Higgins v. Rex, 1912.  
Junta of Philatelists opens at Hollywood.  
Cuckoos are sure to be heard in Kent.  
Guild of Gasfitters granted Charter, 1606.  
Mulligatawny soup invented, 1812. Parsnips in season.  
A good day for making wills.  
Send out bills, check laundry-accounts, recharge batteries, pay calls and trim the calceolarias.  
Etc., etc.

And all this—not to mention the thing for taking the stones out of horses' hooves given away with every copy—can be had in old Morocco for a mere song.

So take your lyrics with you when you go.

\* Erratum. For "beef" read "brief."



Huntsman (to new assistant). "STEADY ON WITH THAT WHIP; THIS AIN'T THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS, AND IF IT WAS YOU'D BE THE CLOWN, NOT THE RINGMASTER."

### More Name-Stuff.

"WHAT'S in a name?" said the erroneous poet. He should have read the newspaper-paragraph which lies before me. I cut it out of *The Daily Telegraph* some weeks ago and have just found it in my note-case, where I was searching (vainly) for notes.

"In order that American and English film-players may not escape notice in Court cases by giving their unfamiliar real names, the following list has been forwarded to Californian court officials:

Professional.	Real Name.
GRETA GARBO ..	GRETA GUSTAVSON
GARY COOPER ..	FRANK J. COOPER
DOLORES DEL RIO ..	LOLITA DOLORES ASUNSOLO DE MARTINEZ
RICHARD DIX ..	ERNEST BRIMMER
RICARDO CORTEZ ..	JACK KRANTZ
BILLIE DOVE ..	LILLIAN BOHNY
FANNY BRICE ..	FANNY BOROH
MONTÉ BANKS ..	MARIO BIANCHI
MAE MURRAY ..	MARIE KOENIG
RENÉE ADORÉE ..	JEANNE DE LA FONTE
ELSIE JANIS ..	ELSIE BIERBAUER
LILA LEE ..	AUGUSTA APPEL
CLAIRE WINDSOR ..	OLGA CRONK
ANITA PAGE ..	ANITA POMARES
RICHARD ARLEN ..	RICHARD VAN MATTI-MORE
JOSEF VON STERNBERG ..	JOE STERN

NANCY CARROLL .. NANCY LA HIFF  
 GWEN LEE .. GWEN LE PINSKI  
 KARL DANE .. RASMUS KARL THE-  
 KELSON GOTTLIEB  
 SAMUEL GOLDWYN .. SAMUEL GOLDFISH  
 RAMON NOVARRO .. RAMON SAMANEIGO  
 GILDA GRAY .. MARIANNA MICHOŁSKA  
 DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS .. DOUGLAS ULLMAN  
 RUDY VALLEE .. HUBERT PRIOR VAL-  
 LEE  
 PAUL MUNI .. MUNI WEISENFREUND.

The more I study this list the more it fascinates me. The human problems which stick out all over it! "Greta Gustavson." Can you bear it? Not a bad name, Gustavson. *But*—would, could Greta Gustavson have reached the pinnacles of fame now tenanted by GRETA GARBO? Could the same power and beauty have persuaded us to speak in whispers of "The Gustavson"? Personally, for I believe in the force of names, I doubt it. That which we call a rose, as SHAKESPEARE observed, by any other name would smell as sweet. That, however, is not the point; the point is, would the rose get the same publicity and have the same box-office appeal? I say this with trepidation, for I am quite sure that "The Garbo's" adorers will hotly deny that her name has had anything to do with her success.

If they are right, then SHAKESPEARE

was right and names don't matter. But in that case all the clever ladies and gentlemen in this list are wrong; for it is evident that all of them have changed their names not to avoid the police but to attract the public. And if GRETA owes nothing to her adopted surname then DOUGLAS ULLMAN would have become as popular as DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS; and Mr. SAMUEL GOLDFISH could have been the same tremendous power as Mr. SAMUEL GOLDWYN is today; and all these great people might have spared themselves much time and intellectual effort (for, believe me, thinking of names is no light matter).

I wonder. I wonder very much. Can all these clever ladies and gentlemen be wrong? They have all become stars, so presumably they know their business.

There are some things in the list which are perplexing, whatever view we take. I should have said in my ignorance that Jeanne de la Fonte was a Heaven-sent screen-name—at least as good as RENÉE ADORÉE and not more difficult for the film-fan to pronounce. I see what was in the mind of Olga Cronk when she became CLAIRE WINDSOR (though what's the matter with Cronk?); but Gwen le Pinski sounds (to me) more magnetic than plain GWEN LEE; and if I had been born the romantic



Anita Pomares I don't think anyone could have persuaded me to become ANITA merely PAGE.

The case of Joe Stern is puzzling too. A careful study of the list discloses two startling facts—(1) that the majority of American film-stars are not of pure Anglo-Saxon extraction; and (2) that they would like us to think that they are. And most of the changes show (shall we say?) a slight trend away from the Continental and towards the British. MAE MURRAY and the late Nancy la Hiff are good examples. But the late Joe Stern goes quite the other way; he is, I believe, some kind of director, and Joe Stern, to me, sounds just the name for a successful leader of men in the English-speaking world. But he throws away his (presumably) natural advantages and becomes JOSEF VON STERNBERG! Odd.

I wonder sometimes that politicians do not take more trouble about their names. Why should the seductive pseudonym be confined to the world of entertainment? Some politicians, of course, do play the same trick on us when they go to the House of Lords. One sees the name of Lord Lilypond cropping up constantly in the news and begins to read his utterances with respect. And then one day one finds that it is only our dear old friend the late Mr. Pip Squeak, M.P.

But a peerage is (very often) a matter of accident. Why shouldn't the beloved Commons enjoy the same advantages? We are all liable to occasional error; but sometimes the occasional error sticks unfairly to our names. When Mr. Stroot has been defeated in three successive elections he should stand as Mr. Gladstone at the fourth, and would probably be elected. If Sir HERBERT SAMUEL decided that in future his name was to be John Pickwick he might (who knows?) sweep the country. Sir OSWALD MOSLEY should not be content with courageously changing his party; he should change his name as well—every time. If Mr. CHURCHILL had changed his name to Fraser or Murray about ten years ago he would probably be Prime Minister to-day. Indeed I think it would be a very good thing if all the Commons changed their names every Session. It would be interesting to see if Mr. BALDWIN's speeches had the same effect when delivered (shall we say?) by the Right Hon. Ernest Cronk. And any spot of variety in the proceedings would be pleasant. A. P. H.

A railway company is advertising the "Peerless Riviera." It must be economic pressure which is keeping them at home.

*Youngman*



SMITH, LEARNING TO DRIVE IN HIS NEW CAR, ARRIVES OPPORTUNELY AT A SMASH-AND-GRAB RAID AND IS BIDDEN TO 'FOLLOW THAT CAR AND GO LIKE HELL.'

### To Q.H.F.

[The Horatian Society's dinner will take place on Friday, January 13th, at KETTNER'S. It will be "open to all lovers of HORACE, and Mr. Justice McCARDIE has consented to preside."]

No traitor I, by Bacchus,  
For failing to assert  
High homage to you, FLACCUS,  
Upon the 13th curt.

Not mine to pour libation  
And mid the cultured hum  
Proffer a bard's oblation  
At their symposium.

Eheu, they'll sigh, fugaces:  
Discourse on Baiae's air,  
Lalage's classic graces,  
Or Pyrrha's golden hair.

In apt allusion ready  
On manners they'll dilate  
When you were young and heady—  
And PLANCUS ruled the State;

With amorous precision  
Bring to the evening's toast  
A riper erudition  
Than ever I may boast.

Yet, when they drink your praises  
Deep in Falernian wine,  
Show me the guest who raises  
An ampler glass than mine.

"Open," they cry, "the crush is  
To all your devotees."  
Augustan, spare my blushes;  
What idle words are these!

Master, with fame be-gilded,  
The largest earthly hall  
That mortal hands have builded  
Could not contain them all. A. K.

"EIGHT CENTURIES AT EXETER."  
*Sunday Paper.*

The wicket must have been easier than  
at Melbourne.

"Larwood, untroubled by his boots to-day, was hurling them at the batsmen at his fastest."—*Evening Paper.*

That was why he had so many pairs  
up his sleeve.

"My mother of eighty-four has long hair reaching her knees, also myself, aged forty-five."—*Correspondent in Daily Paper.*

We cannot help wondering which she  
values more.

### People One Meets. The Super-Foreigner.

THE trains from Prague to Brussels are seldom very full nowadays and one does not meet many English travellers. Occasionally, however, one runs across an interesting foreigner.

Such a person broke in upon my solitude and sat down in the opposite corner of the compartment. He was small and thin and had long greyish hair and a pale greyish face. His overcoat was black and he wore black knitted gloves and black boots. If his clothes were sombre his hat was sinister. It was a black felt one of a type I have never seen before, with a very wide brim. The general grim effect was somewhat relieved by his tie, which was of a pale-green shade.

He was not Belgian, because he spoke to the Belgian ticket-inspector in German (without, incidentally, being properly understood), he was not French for the same reason. He couldn't be German because—well, for one thing his face was scarcely of the Germanic type, being long and pointed, and in any case you can tell a German by his collar. It is invariably a stiff white one with sharp points, whereas this was a loose soft one of décolleté pattern.

Speaking in German, in rather a sad voice, he took early steps to start the conversation.

"May I borrow your time-table?" he asked.

"*Bitte schön?*" I replied, drawing upon my limited repertoire of polite phrases.

He began questioning me closely in German.

"Wherefrom come you?"

I mentioned that I was on my way back from Czechoslovakia.

"Ach! my dear young friend," he said, "you speak Czech?"

I disappointed him, adding that I thought there were too many languages in the world.

"That is a pity," he exclaimed sorrowfully—"a very great pity."

Perhaps he was a Czech.

"Do you speak Czech, then?" I asked by way of finding out.

He shook his head mournfully. "No; but you should know the languages of all the countries you visit."

Though I had guessed wrong I did not think I was altogether on the wrong track. Central Europe would almost certainly supply the answer to the problem. Poland seemed as good a guess as any other, so I led up to the Polish Question.

"The languages of Czechoslovakia and Poland are rather similar, aren't they?" I asked with some astuteness.

"They are of the same family—yes," he answered without enthusiasm.

"Have you ever been to Poland?"

"Mm—yes," he announced, looking out of the window; "I come just now from there."

I took a deep breath. "Are you a Pole?" I asked, trying to conceal my excitement.



"LOOK AT THE LITTLE PATRIOTIC SWEETUMS NOT WINTERING ON THE RIVIERA THIS YEAR!"

"No," he said; "Poland is not my home—I am at home in London."

I experienced a rush of thought to the head. The one that struck me most forcibly was that if he was at home in London he ought not to be wandering about Europe in that hat. Instead of pointing this out to him, however, I realised that up till now I had given him no very obvious clue to the fact that I was English, and I burst rather joyously into the English language.

"Oh," I said, "you live in London?"

He raised his eyebrows and said "Bitte?"

"Your home is in London?"

"*Ich bin,*" he replied gloomily, "*zu Hause in London.*"

This was a new one on me. I have always regarded London as a peculiarly difficult place to live without being able to speak a word of English.

"Have you lived there long?" I inquired, reverting to German, which

appeared to be our only means of communication.

"Four years," said the foreigner and, coughing in a loud and guttural way, went out into the corridor, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

These, I regret to say, were not of a very lucid nature. The only explanation that occurred to me was that there must be a colony of super-foreigners tucked away in the heart of the Metropolis whose members never saw the light of day and avoided all contact with the outside world. There would not be much time for me to investigate this as we were due into Brussels in ten minutes.

A few minutes later he returned, put his hat on the seat, reached up for his bag and sat down.

"Excuse me," I began, "but you're sitting—"

He raised a hand for silence.

"My dear young sir," he said in German, "I cannot understand people like you who think there are too many languages in the world. How dull life would be if there were fewer! It would be better if there were more. And I tell you—languages are splitting up. Take *Americanisch* and *Englisch*."

He paused for me to take them.

"Look here," I broke in desperately, "*was ist Ihre Muttersprache?*"

"*Americanisch.*"

"*Aber Sie haben es vergessen?*"

If his mother-tongue was American he certainly must have forgotten it.

"Well," he explained, suddenly acquiring a rich American voice, "Ah haven't exac'ly furgotten ut—Ah jest thought Ah'd make your guessin' game a little harder. Believe me, Ah've been enjoying maself rather hugely. Yes, Sir, you've cerd'nly had your leg pulled this voyage. It's a larnj while since Ah've luffed so much to maself," and he abandoned himself to the gaiety of the occasion.

I suppose it *was* rather funny if you happen to care for that kind of fun. Nevertheless I felt it my duty to break in on his carefree laughter.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," I said, "but I suppose you know you're sitting on your hat?"

"HELL TO SPEND \$8,000,000 IN YEAR."

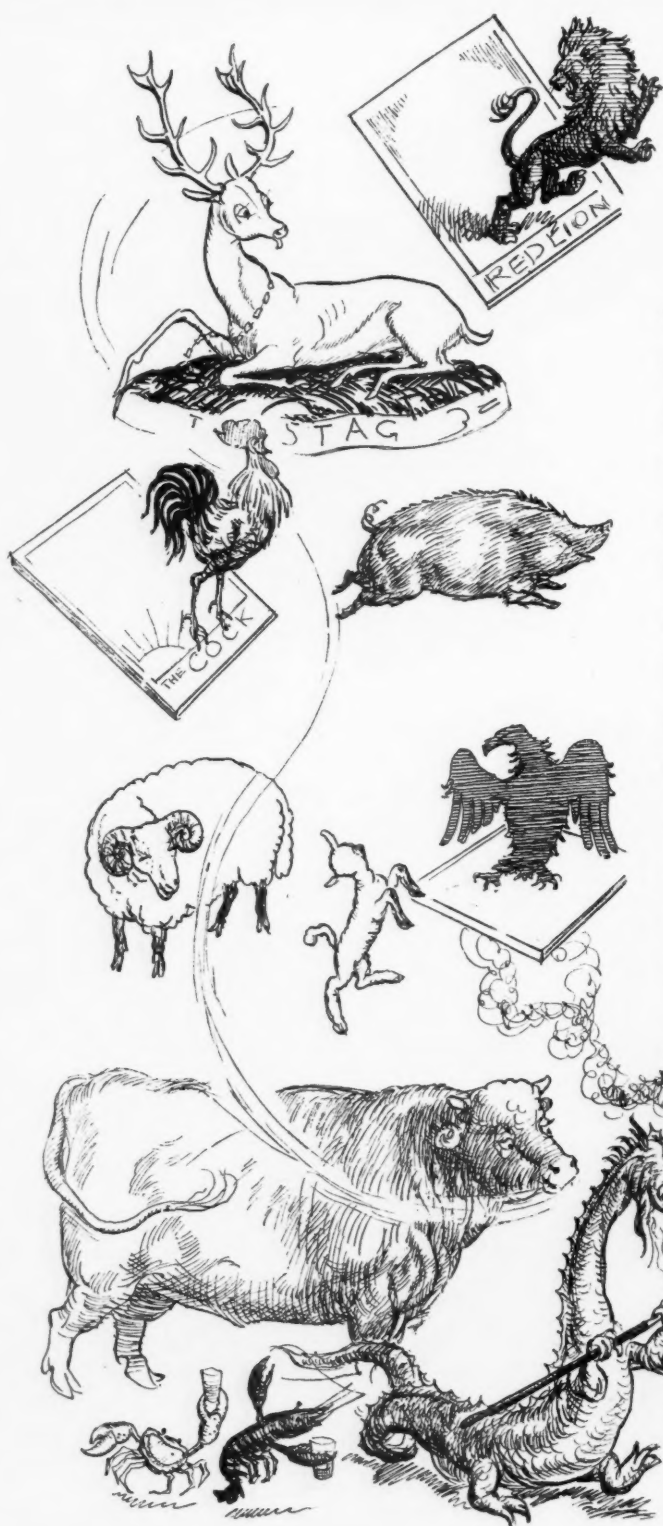
Vancouver Paper.

Central heating at last?





SHORT-SIGHTED WATER-DIVINER DIVINING TEMPERANCE FRIEND IN CROWDED RESTAURANT.



Two animals, and two alone,  
'Tis now the mode to praise:  
Either the Dog or Cat's supreme  
In every poet's lays.

I would not slight the faithful Hound,  
Nor homely Puss asperse,  
But there are other creatures too  
As worthy of our verse.

The Dog will frisk and lick the hand,  
The Cat will warm the lap,  
But neither does a thing to help  
A hungry thirsty chap.

But there are other animals  
Who actually plan  
With tactful thought and sympathy  
To be the friends of man.

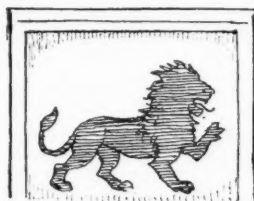
The Lion blue, the Lion black,  
The Lion red and green  
In moments of necessity  
Our staunch allies have been.

The Stag, albeit Bald of Face,  
The Boar of azure hue,  
Have done a thousand kinder things  
Than Cat or Dog can do.

The Cock has crowed a welcome out,  
The Eagle's made a Spread,  
Full many a time and oft the Swan's  
Prepared a downy bed.







The Ram, the Lamb, the Horse, the Bull,  
The Spotted Cow, the Goat  
(With or without his Compasses)  
Have soothed Their Master's Throat.

The Crab and Lobster have not spared.  
Although cold-blooded fish,  
Nor pestered us (as others can)  
For morsels from the dish.

Nor have the fabled beasts refrained:  
The gentle Unicorn  
Has fed us at the fall of eve  
And sped us in the morn.

The Dragon, usually green,  
Has shown a heart of gold,  
The Griffin has not grudged us aught,  
Nor Mermaid left us cold.

The Dog will frisk and lick the hand;  
The Cat will warm the lap,  
But never be the slightest use  
To any weary chap.

What Cat has got a cosy bar  
With bottles in a row?  
What Dog has got a coffee-room  
Where famished men may go?

While neither has an upper floor  
Where smiling Bess or Dot  
Will bring another blanket or  
A glass of something hot.

And that is why I settled down  
To this belated rhyme  
In praise of all those other beasts—  
Except at closing-time. E. V. L.



### A Flat Contradiction.

An Episode that might almost justify the vagaries of House-Agents.

SHE said, "They are quite impossible—all of them."

Then she said, "It isn't as if I wanted anything unusual either. One doesn't. I told him so. I said, 'I want a flat; in Chelsea or near Regent's Park; facing south, with a drawing-room that looks out at a tree; two bedrooms, central heating, a lease that is not very long and a rental that is not very high; a porter with gold braid, but not enough gold braid to overpower charm and atmosphere; permission to keep Adolphus—'"

"He said, 'What is Adolphus—dog or cat?'"

"—a nice bathroom with concealed plumbing, very constant hot water, and Adolphus is a cockatoo."

"Madam," he said, 'I will look through my books. Now here is a delightful period house in Westminster, a residence of charm and character; the basement—'

"I don't want a house," I said.

"Or," he went on, 'I might suggest an old-world cottage in the shadow of Brompton Oratory.'

"I want a flat, in Chelsea or Regent's Park."

"He said, 'Madam, twenty minutes from Baker Street is a flat in an old Georgian residence; the rooms are spacious; there is an Ideal boiler and—he almost whispered—the landlord is open to an offer.'

"I repeated, 'In Chelsea or Regent's Park.'

"Would you like," he said, 'a really good family flat just off the Cromwell Road: 5-6 bed., 2-3 sit.?'"

"I said, 'No.'"

"Or a two-room snug behind the British Museum?"

"I said, 'No.'"

"He nodded his head. 'And this flat—' he paused. 'How soon did you want to move?'"

"I said, 'Immediately.'"

"A pity," he said, 'a great pity. If you could only have waited until March; a rare opportunity occurs to obtain a fourteen-years' lease of one of the coveted flats in a most exclusive building just north of the Park. It is true that the windows do not face

south—in fact, I must admit that they face practically nothing; but the decoration of the hall and corridors is most alluring, and the baths are a subtle shade of mauve. Madam,' he said, and he became quite wistful, 'believe me, it would pay you to take it.'

"How much would it pay me?"

"Pardon me," he replied with dignity, 'that was a figure of speech.'

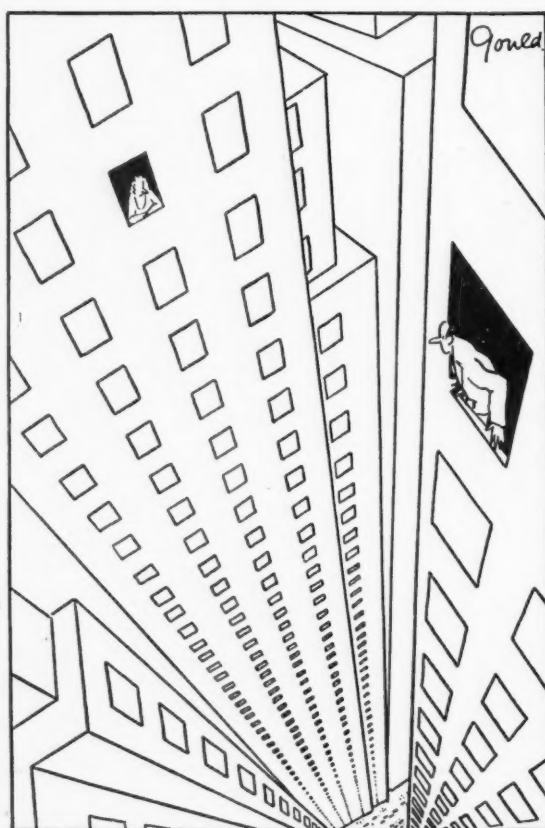
"I repeated, 'I want a flat, in

two geraniums and the wood is painted bright blue. You turn round by the 'Old Red Lion' and it's over a garage behind. It's a bit dark, but the bathroom is frightfully funny and the geyser is a real comic. I found it myself; agents are so impossible."

"What about Adolphus?" I asked.

"Adolphus?" She seemed surprised.

"He's with me, of course. But you knew I always meant to have Adolphus with me? Surely you never thought I'd change my mind?"



"I'LL COME RIGHT AWAY, DARLING—I'LL BE WITH YOU IN HALF-AN-HOUR."

Chelsea or near Regent's Park, facing—"

"Excuse me, Madam," he said, 'if you will leave your name and address I will send you all the particulars.'

"But they are all impossible—agents. One must do things for oneself. I always say that," and she sighed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Five weeks passed before I saw her again.

She said, "It's lovely; you must come and see it. I knew I never wanted anything unusual; but agents are so difficult. It's nearly Knightsbridge and the stairs go up the outside; we have

ignorance of law by their facility for changing their political parties. Blather, who had been told to sit down by Joker, J., a few weeks before, made remarks about judges who caused congestion in the Appeal Court. What his lordship said I am unable to say, as no one has ever been able to read his handwriting. Some of the results were not without humour, considering the nature of the game, and I append two examples:—

*Cæsar (Julius)*

v.

*Rothermere (Lord).*

*Infringement of Copyright.*

### A Letter to Mr. Punch.

*Pegasus Court,  
The Temple.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your recent article, "A Legal Christmas," prompted me to introduce the games mentioned therein at my own Christmas party. Perhaps you would be interested in a description of the party?

The guests included Joker, J.; Blather, K.C., who was given silk when his party came into power; Dither, who was about to be given it when his party went out, and an assortment of Common Law and Chancery Juniors, rising, risen and yet to rise. At first there was silence in court, probably due to the presence of his lordship, but my guests cheered up when I opened the case and distributed the contents as refreshers. The first game I introduced was "Consequences." I took upon myself the duty of collecting the results and reading them out (after a certain amount of editing), as I feared that some of the players would utilise the slips for personalities. They did.

Dither, who is extremely jealous of Blather, took the opportunity of making allusions to silks who compounded for their



Mistress. "ELLEN, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS? SOMEONE APPARENTLY OF THE NAME OF—ER—BERT? I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW THE—ER—GENTLEMAN."

New Maid. "OH, YOU WOULDN'T. I HARDLY KNOW 'IM MESELF."

For Plaintiff, Sir Andrew Eastbourne.  
K.C.

For Defendant, Saxon Shirkett, K.C.  
Before Lord Justice Dearie.

"What is a Yo-Yo?"

For Plaintiff, permanent injunction.

Lord Chamberlain

v.

Douglas.

Misrepresentation.

For Plaintiff, Jossier, K.C.

For Defendant, Serjeant Buzzfuzz.

Before Mr. Justice McLardie.

"Girls will be Girls!"

(The verdict, written by Joker, J., was undecipherable.)

"Snap the Brief," the next game suggested, was vetoed by two Common Law juniors who had already burnt their fingers in connection with a running-down case. "Forfeitures" was substituted, and we tossed for the honour of gracing the Woolsack. Unfortunately Blather won the toss. He sentenced Dither to swallow one of his own speeches, saying that no jury ever does, and elevated Joker, J., to be a Lord of Appeal, remarking that he would get his punishment in revising and trying to understand his own judgments in the Court below. I hastily put an end to this game by calling the

players to the bar, a proceeding which was well received.

"Judge, Judge, Hear My Plea" was popular with some of the players, but was rather marred by the force with which Blather struck Dither when he pleaded for the trial of his case and the vigour with which Dither hit Blather when the rôles were reversed. One of the players appealed to Joker, J., but without response.

It was then unhappily discovered that his lordship had gone to sleep, thinking he was actually in court. He was gently shaken and awoke in time to hear the suitor say, "A month or three." His lordship said it did not matter which, as it was certain to be upset on appeal, and resumed his child-like slumbers.

I introduced several games of my own invention, the rules of which may be of interest to those who propose giving legal parties next Christmas.

*Here Comes a Solicitor from Chancery Lane.*—A player enters the room disguised as a solicitor and bearing a brief. The other players, being barristers, fall on their knees and bang their foreheads on the ground. The solicitor touches one with his foot and hands him his brief. The successful

barrister jumps to his feet and stands drinks all round.

*Costs in the Cause.*—Two players are the parties; that is, one is plaintiff, another is the defendant. The rest of the players are solicitors and counsel. The latter must argue as long as they can without arriving at any decision, at the same time extracting all the money they can find in the parties' pockets.

*Contempt of Court.*—A player dressed as a judge in full-dress robes enters the room. The players try not to laugh; any player doing so having to pay a forfeit and take the part of the judge.

*Drafts.*—Each player in turn drafts a document in legal phraseology and reads it to the others. If any player can understand what the document means he scores a point, and the player who drafted the document has to pay forfeit.

Again, Mr. Punch, I thank you for your timely article, which was the means of making my party go with such zest. Incidentally, could you suggest any games that would be likely to appeal to solicitors, as I am thinking of giving a party to these all-important gentlemen?

Truly yours,

B. RIEFLESS

(Barrister-at-Law).





Non-dancing man. "IF MEN ONLY KNEW WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE DANCING, THEY'D BE SORRY FOR THEMSELVES."

### The Fifer of the Fifth.

HE might have been a sailor or an ordinary landsman,  
But he took the silver shilling and he 'listed for a bandsman;  
His regiment the Fighting Fifth—the Old and Bold, the  
Shiners,  
Northumbria's lusty yeomen and her shipyard men and  
miners;  
And, true to its traditions that its men should thus-and-  
thus be,  
He glistened from his boot-soles to his white-plumed bear-  
skin busby.

And soon he saw the civvie to be little but a cipher,  
For he himself was on the strength—a bandsman and a fifer.

On his six-holed one-keyed instrument, when he was on his  
mettle,  
He warbled and he trilled above the big drum and the  
kettle;  
With "The Girl I Left Behind Me" he would thrill New-  
castle City

Till the very ancients quick-stepped to that regimental ditty.  
"All spit and polish," just fifteen, he visibly swelled larger  
In his military ardour than the Colonel on his charger.  
There never was a Shiner in his gosling-green and scarlet  
Who ever stepped-out finer than this small ear-piercing varlet.

To buy an ebon six-key flute he saved up every copper,  
And filled his young ambition to become a flautist proper.  
Promotion put him soon among the real musician fellers,  
Who drilled his execution and his harmony at Kneller's.\*

\* Kneller Hall.

There seemed to be no limit to his practice or his passion:  
He learnt the new-style fingering just lately come in fashion.  
And then he saved his shillings and from HAWKES'S bought  
a Boehm,\*

A gleaming mass of silver keys, a fifty-guinea poem.

Now in time he left the Army and he gave the world recitals;  
Became a virtuoso with the honours that entitles;  
His staccato clear as dewdrops, the wild-wind his crescendo,  
The sighing of a zephyr in his soft diminuendo.  
When the reeds all played piano and the strings all pizzicato  
He was ravishing when playing some soprano's obbligato.  
His tonguing and attacking, his fire and chiaroscuro  
Brought him *grand éclat*—and handsome fees from various  
concert bureaux.

Melodious as the lark or thrush or nightingale ecstatic,  
He swayed the world of music from his "A"† to his  
chromatic,

And might have lived contented to the tail-end of his story  
Had he not seen the Fifth one day resplendent in its glory;  
And, though they had no scarlet, yet they still shone in their  
khaki,

And he quivered to the shrieking fifes that pierced his  
heart—and, hark 'ee,

With older eyes he saw himself a civvie and a cipher,  
And he'd not have been a flautist then could he have been  
a fifer.

\* The noblest type of flute.

† The orchestra always tunes in to the flute's "A."



### THE OLD MAN OF THE STEPPES.

"WE'VE REACHED THE FIFTH MILESTONE, LITTLE BROTHER, BUT THE BURDEN ISN'T ANY EASIER YET."

[The first Five Year Plan of Soviet Russia under the directorship of STALIN has failed to realise expectations.]

THE  
S  
I  
I  
T  
I  
T  
C  
L  
T  
B  
A





THE SLIMMING CRAZE.

Doctor. "AND DO YOU DRINK AT MEALS?"

Patient. "DON'T BE SILLY, DOCTOR. WHY, I DON'T EVEN EAT AT MEALS."

### A Laureate's Lodge in the Wilderness.

[In an interview granted before embarking at Southampton, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD stated that he was going for a holiday in the desert regions of Arizona, not to do any writing, but to enjoy the climate and the scenery, in which the cacti and the crags are conspicuous features. He proposed to live in a bungalow in the desert. Later on he might give readings from his works in some of the principal cities of the States. With the invaluable aid of the *Ency. Brit.* Mr. Punch has ventured respectfully to expand and titivate the LAUREATE'S brief but impressive announcement.]

Love of pomp and robe and ribbon lowers the poet to the fool;

Solitude for genius, GIBBON taught us, is the only school;  
Let who will to fair Verona or to Rome or Athens go,  
I am off to Arizona and a desert bungalow.

Though I have in homely diction simplified the Tale of Troy,  
It is not in ancient fiction that I find enduring joy;  
*Temporis laudator acti* I have never wholly been,  
Give me crags and sand and cacti and my spirit grows serene.

Daffodils have lost their magic, spite of WILLIAM'S praise  
and mine;

There is nothing hæmorrhagic in the lesser celandine;  
But I simply yearn to look a dasyllirion in the eye  
And to watch the giant yucca rear its blood-red bloom on high.

Salt inspired my choicest ballads, which beatified the brine:  
Salt is good in soup or salads, in the bath or in the mine,  
And I find no cause for weeping if the holiday I've planned  
Will be spent where winds are heaping quantities of salty sand.

Jaguars, coyotes and pumas I shall feed and haply tame,  
And with native tribes—the Yumas and the Pimas—friendship claim;

Gaze upon Centauri (Alpha) floating in the velvet skies,  
And amid the rich alfalfa profitably botanise.

With a native bow and arrow I shall wage unceasing war  
On the deadly "desert sparrow" and the "desert thrasher" floor;

And, unterrified by blizzards which less hardy souls appal,  
Watch the huge enamelled lizards slowly through the mesquite crawl.

I shall cease awhile from labours in the cause of chanted verse—

Cease my pupils and my neighbours in the drama to rehearse,  
But will draw fresh inspiration in the art of voice-control  
Listening to the ululation of the hooded oriole.

So I quit awhile my eyrie on the summit of Boar's Hill,  
Where so long I've plied my fiery indefatigable quill,  
Leaving those who irritate us with their motors, rags and bags,

To regain a fresh afflatus mid the cacti and the crags.

C. L. G.

## Holà! the Hunt Ball.

[By our Naval Correspondent ashore.]

"COME, come, Meadows! Is this our cleanest shirt? And, bless my soul, what is this? Gravy stains on our pink coat! Look alive, my man, and clean them off, for to-night must find me *en grande tenue*. Surely you know that the Hunt Ball is being held at Bogchester and the whole countryside will be *en fête*. Send Henry up to assist us with our tie, and do you tell Mrs. Meadows to iron out the wrinkles from our trousers. Let no pains be spared to preserve our reputation for immaculate attire.

"Smartly, now, Meadows; here comes the motor! Shake the moth-balls from our overcoat and give me the hat. What a horrible night! But no matter; we shall soon be in the comfort and luxury of the Cloth Hall. Drive on, Henry. We must get there early or many will be disappointed. Sound your horn at the cross-roads, Henry; it is a dangerous place. Steady now with the brakes, Henry, or you will cause injury to the mechanism. Carefully down this lane, Henry; we cannot risk a deflated tyre.

"Drive slowly through the town, Henry; the traffic is sure to be heavy to-night. See, there are already two cars in the Market Place, and no doubt there are more behind.

"Ah! here is the Cloth Hall—ablaze of course with lights. Stop by the entrance, Henry, and I will dismount. Be ready to take me back at any hour, for who can say how long the revelries will continue?

"Good evening, Sir George. This is a pleasant surprise, Sir Henry. Ah, Featherstonehaugh."

As I mount the stone steps up to the Cloth Hall Sir George asks me to join his party at the supper-table and I accept with alacrity, for Sir George's table is certain to be the centre of high breeding and sharpness of wit.

What a brilliant spectacle meets the eye inside the Bogchester Cloth Hall! Few people have as yet arrived, but the whole hall is ablaze with colour from the paper streamers blowing gaily in the wind which sighs softly through the building. It is delightfully cool for dancing, and the floor has been polished until it is almost impossible to detect its trifling irregularities. It is as smooth as glass, except for a small patch at the side which has been slightly wetted by the rain beating through a broken window-pane.

At the far end of the room a stage has been erected, which, besides providing accommodation for a well-drilled band, serves also as a resting-place for the more important members of the Hunt.

We make our way across towards this edifice, where we are greeted warmly by Colonel Tallboy, the Master of the Hunt, and invited to mount. Captain Featherstonehaugh is close behind us and attempts to follow us to the platform,

but a well-merited rebuke from the Master brings him to the realisation of his temerity.

I find I have arrived in excellent time, for some thirty minutes must elapse before the first dance is due to start and I devote myself to the task of filling my programme. I have very soon inscribed the names of a number of charming and well-connected ladies, and I look forward to a delightful evening. Among others, I have secured dances with Mrs. Gloop, dressed regally in cloth-of-gold; with the two elder Miss Stigginses, whose activity on the dance-floor is as remarkable as their enthusiasm for the chase; and with Miss Hanbury-Postlethwaite, perhaps the most proficient performer in the room, who has had several lessons in the tango.

### A CURIOUS INTRODUCTION.

Meanwhile the band has struck up a lively tune and I am about to step on to the floor with Mrs. Gloop when Sir Henry approaches. He closes his left eye in an oddly suggestive manner as he introduces his companion to me.

"... Miss Flossie Hopkins..."

"How do you do, Miss Hopkins?"

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

"May I have the second extra, Miss Hopkins?"

"That'll be a real treat."

I am rather puzzled as to the identity of my new acquaintance. She cannot be one of the Mudsea Hopkineses, for I understand that the only Miss Hopkins of that branch is a bed-ridden lady who would be unlikely to be present at the ball. Springing nimbly round the floor with Mrs. Gloop, I seek enlightenment from her.

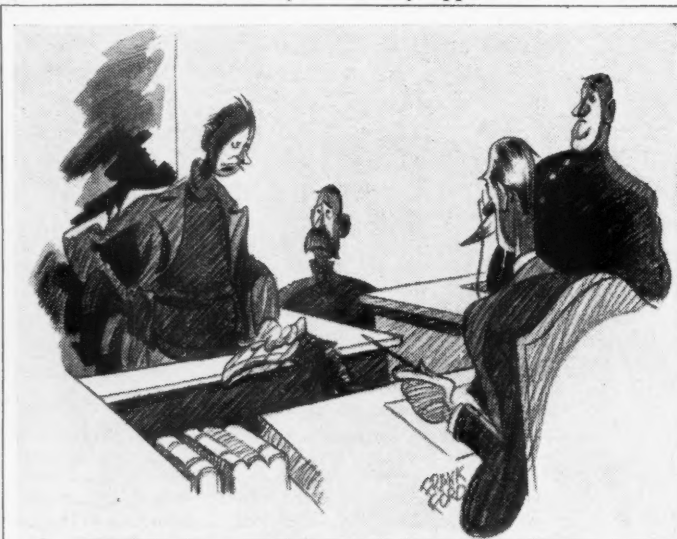
"I have no idea who she is," Mrs. Gloop informs me, "but I consider her gown to be most unsuitable and unladylike."

"Do you suppose that she is well-connected?"

"I sincerely hope so; but it looks most insecure to me."

### AN ALARMING ADVENTURE.

But, alas! intent upon our conversation, I have allowed myself to relax my concentration on the dance-floor. My momentary inattention costs us dear, for I attempt an intricate manoeuvre while my partner's feet are still firmly planted on one of the wet patches. As I perform the sideways spring of the first part of the movement, Mrs. Gloop is unable to emulate my dexterity and a dangerous tumble results. Fortunately no bones are broken, and we pick ourselves up little the worse for our alarming experience; but, as we prepare to dart once more into the throng, I am surprised to hear the sound of vulgar laughter behind us. Turning quickly, I observe that Captain Featherstonehaugh and Miss Hopkins are taking little pains to conceal their enjoyment of a misadventure which is viewed by the rest of the room with sympathy and alarm. Though well



"THE CONSTABLE SAYS YOU PUT OUT YOUR LEFT HAND AND TURNED TO THE RIGHT."

"YES. I'M LEFT-HANDED."



THE NOVICE.

appreciating the hard work of the dance committee, I begin to wonder whether they have been well advised in their apportioning of the invitations.

#### A SATISFACTORY SUPPER.

Time quickly passes in the company of a number of capable and entertaining partners, and an interesting account by the eldest Miss Stiggins of her organisation of the Bogchester Girl Guides is interrupted by a call from the Master that the first supper is now ready. A smart movement towards the Masonic Hall at the back of the building ensues, and the more active members of the Hunt quickly secure good places and await with satisfaction the enjoyable supper which is anticipated.

I am soon in possession of a fine piece of cold turkey and fall to keenly. My glass is filled with a delicious sparkling wine, reminiscent of champagne. The air is filled with the sound of light conversation.

"That was a fine set of lancers, Sir George."

"You would find a larger pair of shoes more comfortable for dancing, Miss Stiggins."

"Mrs. Gloop has torn her new gown."

Our plates are replenished again and again until we are warned by the servants that little will be left for those of the company who are compelled to take the second supper. But we pay little heed to their warning, for the more important members of the Hunt are already seated and the sparseness of the second supper will provide a sharp lesson to those whose inactivity has been the cause of their failure to obtain places at the first.

#### A DANCE WITH MISS HOPKINS.

By the time that I have finished supper the second extra has started and I rise to claim my dance with Miss Hopkins. I find her in the hall, sitting under the case of stuffed birds

with Sir Henry on one of the plush seats which have been hired from the Bogchester Cinema.

"My dance, I think, Miss Hopkins?"

"You don't say! Well, so long, old dear."

"You appear to know Sir Henry extremely well," I remark as we move out on to the dance-floor.

"A bit too well, if you ask me."

"Do you hunt much in this district, Miss Hopkins?"

"I'm starting to-night, and I shan't have to hunt very far either."

"I fear that you may find the going somewhat sticky."

"Especially with Sir Henry."

"Sir Henry is an excellent performer."

"Yes, but he's no initiative."

#### THE LAST DANCE.

Long before we have realised the lateness of the hour the last dance is announced. The band plays an enlivening gallop and I advance towards Mrs. Gloop, eager to lead her on to the floor for the last time. As we spring round the room together I let out a loud cry, similar to those heard on the hunting-field. The cry is taken up and repeated on all sides until the very walls shake with the commotion. As I flash round the room I notice that Captain Featherstonehaugh is standing at the side with dejected face. He is unable to produce a suitable cry and so can take no part in the entertainment. But the rest of us fling ourselves into the spirit of the dance. Mrs. Gloop's train is torn from its moorings; the eldest Miss Stiggins has lost a shoe; Sir George's tie has come undone and his pink coat is splitting at the seams. In a far corner Sir Henry is permitting Miss Hopkins to write her address across his shirt-front.

The next instant the band breaks into the National Anthem and the dance is over. Farewell for a whole year to the gaiety of the Bogchester Cloth Hall! H. W. M.



## The Modern Guide to Conversation.

THERE have been many conversation-manuals issued in the past, but if ever there was a time when the past was of less use even than usual as a guide to the present, that time is now.

We do not, however, intend to trench upon questions of this kind, but will willingly leave them to EINSTEIN, to whom they more properly belong. All that we intend to do is to write a perfectly modern *Guide to Conversation*—and here the student will at once perceive the first indication of its being modern, in our deliberate omission of that quaint old-world formula, "*Polite*" Conversation.

Ours will be simply "Guide to Conversation." Just like the old manuals, and yet at the same time absolutely different. For one thing, we shall be far more colloquial than they were. The student will agree that there would be no sense at all at this stage of the world's history in starting with: "Form of Words with which a Young Man might Approach the Author of his Being with reference to his Financial Situation." We shall simply classify this kind of thing as: "Me and Father"—just like that—not even specifying the Financial Situation part of it, since everybody knows only too well that it provides the main theme of more or less every conversation in the world nowadays.

In the same way "Me and My Bank" will at once suggest, almost too readily, the type of conversation that will ensue. And "Me and the Rate-Collector," again . . . However, it is of little use to keep piling Ossa on Pelion like this, though both are so inextricably mingled with practically every aspect of this Bright New Year. We can have "Me and the Dentist" or "Me and My Aunt" and so on—headings which combine economy of wording with an agreeable element of doubt as to just which aspect of the conversation the Manual intends to tackle.

Nor need we confine ourselves to duologues only. Many of the most satisfactory conversations in life are monologues. And of course, and unavoidably, some conversations come under the heading of "General," and for these, almost more than for any of the others, a Guide is extremely necessary, as otherwise they show a tendency to become patchy or spasmodic or even just simply dull. And if between relations, as likely as not acrimonious as well.

In fact, now that we come to enumerate the pitfalls that lie in wait for general conversationalists, particularly inexperienced ones, it seems almost imperative to start the course with something that shall help them to get through with comparative credit to themselves and superlative credit—if possible—to us. So we will at once begin with the Amateur-Political Conversation so prevalent in the dining-rooms, drawing-rooms and bed-sitting-rooms of to-day. The student is advised at the very outset to clear his mind of recollections, if any, of the novels of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

The Drawing-room one, which will probably take place between tea and dinner—for thus is time computed in many amateur-political circles—will begin like this:—

" . . . So I just said to her, 'I suppose, dear, if the *Socialists* had their way the *cook* would be sitting on the sofa at this moment and I should be cooking the dinner?'"

"That's exactly it. As I always say, *Socialism isn't practical*. Hand me my wool, darling."

"I'll hold it, shall I? Yes, really, I'd like to. . . . Besides, what one does so feel is that if it *was* all turned round to-morrow it would all be back again just the same in a week, if you see what I mean."

"I know, dear. If only these politicians would just stop and *think* for a minute. . . . Dear me, I'm afraid I've begun to wind at the wrong end."

"I'm afraid you have . . . No, it's all right. . . . I *know* . . . If only RAMSAY MACDONALD, as he calls himself, would just— Put it *over*, dear, not *under* . . ."

(The student's part in this conversation had better be confined to the skein of wool, about which there is quite as much to be said as there is about Socialism.)

In the Dining-room. Time: After dinner. It is all rather ejaculatory:—

"Look at Russia!"

"Look at India!"

"Look at THE AMERICANS!!!"

And so on. We look at all kinds of things, places and people, and almost certainly end up by looking at our own country, so justly called Merrie England—and looking at it with no uncertain eye, either.

(The student is quite definitely advised to sit quietly under the table during the whole of this conversation, and not stir.)

And finally, in the Bed-sitting-room

—which is as usual packed to capacity—yet other methods prevail:—

"Coffee, darling? Of course our iniquitous marriage laws are at the bottom of the whole thing."

"Rather. Black, please. And the Capitalist system."

"Of course. Personally I'm definitely Communistic. Cigarettes, please. Hello! here are the others. How was Russia?"

"Oh, Russia was too marvellous." "Their schools are marvellous, aren't they—absolutely marvellous?"

"It all sounds utterly marvellous. Coffee? . . ."

(The student is not really advised to take part in this one at all, if over twenty-five. If under, he will probably know what to say without help from ourselves.)

Well, it has now been shown how easy it is, comparatively, to take part in an amateur-political conversation in practically any *milieu*.

Next time—if there is one—we will temporarily drop the questions, and still more the answers, that have put England where she is to-day, and will deal with the art of conversation in one of its more domestic aspects. E. M. D.

## Grades of Cheerfulness.

"Without being an optimist one can very well be a meliorist," says a writer in the sporting columns of a newspaper. True; but has the whole case been stated?]

I WENT for a walk and met with Smith  
In a bookshop fondling fiction,  
And I was imbued at parting with  
An Optimist's conviction.

In the High Street I encountered  
Brown;

Though far from disconcerted,  
I left him somewhat sobered down—  
A Meliorist converted.

My outlook after a chat with Jones,  
Who's known to be shrewd and  
honest,

Who weighs his words and measures his  
tones,  
Was merely that of a Bonist.

I drank to the health of Robinson  
In beer agreeably chalice'd,  
And after a pow-wow wandered on  
In the mental state of a Malist.

But soon I spotted and spoke to Clark  
Beside the booth of a florist;  
My mood thereafter bore the mark  
Of a bigoted Pejorist.

And then I beheld the shape of Scott  
Regarding me mild and mutely,  
So I turned me home (you guessed it—  
what?)

A Pessimist absolutely. C. B.



She. "I WANT A SMALL PIECE OF SKATE FOR MY CAT AND IT MUST BE A NICE PIECE."  
 He. "I KNOW, LADY—THE SAME AS WOT ME AND YOU 'AS."

### Altiora Petentes.

[ "There is, of course, nothing to prevent a player climbing a tree if he wishes to do so."—*The Daily Telegraph*. ]

AMID a world of peremptory vetoes,  
 Of cold correctitude and empty form,  
 Where prohibitions, maddening as mosquitoes  
 And no less numerous, around us swarm,  
 A transient glimpse of brighter things it offers  
 To know (the statement is the staid *D.T.'s*)  
 That without penalty light-hearted golfers  
 May, if they wish, climb trees.  
 We may not touch the sand within the hazard;  
 We may not press our putters on the line;  
 We may not smite our caddie on the mazzard  
 Nor play with weapons of our own design;

Such conduct stamps the outcast and the pariah.  
 But, though all this and more we may not do,  
 We may shin up the playful araucaria  
 Or scale the casual yew.  
 What pleasing pictures throng the enraptured vision  
 Of Thompson clambering with boyish glee  
 And ultra-simian vigour and precision  
 About the oak that shades the seventh tee,  
 While Major Bludyer, usually reckoned  
 The fiercest tiger in our monthly quest,  
 Mounting the aged elm-tree near the second,  
 Nods in a "birdie's" nest.

### At the Play.

#### "CHAUVE SOURIS" (CAMBRIDGE).

M. BALIEFF's Bat Theatre has now been running for a quarter-of-a-century. It is a remarkable testimony to the genius of its remarkable leader that it is still fresh, still has that air of brilliant impromptu which is of the essence of this *genre*. M. BALIEFF refuses to take the easy way. If he gives old favourites he presents them against new scenic backgrounds which have the air of having been hurriedly (yet always brilliantly) painted overnight, with new dresses which share the beauty, wit, nonsense or fantasticalisation of the scenes and with a redistribution of parts among his artists. The freshness is, in fact, the result of elaborate contrivance so artistically concealed as never to be obtrusive.

The two chief gems of the excellent new programme are "The Arrival at Bethlehem"—a page, as it were, from an old illuminated Book of Hours, reverently and simply done, and "Love Under the Christmas Tree," a variation of the ancient theme of dolls coming to life for a few mad and exhilarating moments. Let the theme be never so old, this Company never fails to give a fresh flavour to it. And the setting of this scene is unusually charming.

M. SALAMA and M. TCHERNIAVSKY have an absolute command of the international language of expressive gesture and intonation. And this enables them to make us positively forget that the dialogue between the apprehensive peasant coming to have his tooth extracted and the genial unhygienic practitioner is conducted in Russian—a jolly piece of grotesque horrifying comedy.

M. BALIEFF dragoons us in his masterful way to take a share in Mlle. ANTAROVA's ingenuous recitation, and in general beams, frowns, shrugs, is insolent in his accustomed manner, bemoans his lost sex-appeal, regretfully admits that people come to see his face (which has so largely been his fortune) when it is too cold to go to the Zoo, and bids us go forth and recruit an audience for him, which of course we all willingly do. Twenty turns: all good. And BALIEFF really is so bracing.

T.

#### "TEN MINUTE ALIBI" (EMBASSY).

HALF-A-DOZEN times during the course of this piece I said to myself, fatuously presuming on my experience of this crime business, "Ha! the author's laid himself an unnegotiable stymie there!" But not a bit of it. It was as if Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG was deliberately playing with us, tempting us to just such prophecies only to confound us. Indeed I don't recall any play of the kind which leaves so pleasant a sense of an elaborate puzzle fairly solved according to the strictest rules of the game, nor one which so cleverly presented the unravelling of the compli-

dreams a dream, enacted before us with impressive effect, in which he kills the villain with the villain's own silenced pistol and concocts a watertight alibi by the adroit manipulation of a clock and a watch and the production of effective witnesses, willing and unwilling, to account for his movements. First reflection of over-astute critic: "The author (poor boob!) will bore us with all this in the Second Act. Fatal." But he didn't. He repeated it indeed, but with ingenious and significant differences of detail and with a heightened instead of a diminished effect of excitement. This was a remarkable feat and must be explained not merely by the author's ingenuity but by the grim and purposeful method of Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS.

Then comes the investigation by two very engaging detectives, *Inspector Pember*, old school, very shrewd and solid (Mr. GEORGE MERRITT), and the smart young *Sergeant Brace* (Mr. T. G. SAVILLE), who can talk criminal psychology and quote (and mis-translate delightfully) Latin tags.

*Derwent*, suspected as a man with an obvious motive, frankly admits his quarrel, even his readiness to kill the dead man, but he can account for all his movements, and he comes through his first examination unscathed. So far the alibi is perfect.

"But wait a bit," says the *Inspector* to his colleague. "Isn't it just a little bit too perfect? Isn't there just a little too much testimony to confirm the suspect's movements during the fateful

ten minutes?" And at his second and third examination it looks as if that mistake of over-elaboration will bring him down.

This is a brilliantly convincing scene as played (whether, if one could examine the script at leisure, it would be as convincing I don't know; but that's neither here nor there), and one of the cleverest of the author's many inventions comes just before the curtain falls, sustaining the suspense to the very end.

I will take good care to avoid seriously offending Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. I feel he could put me away with comparative ease. But that's not the chief reason why I heartily commend this quite first-rate piece of stagecraft, which discovers rich ore in a much-worked vein.

T.



LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS FOUND HER SWEEP.

MONS. FEDEROFF AND MLE. DIAKONOVA.

cated details by the examining detectives without making them tedious (or alternatively perfunctory and unconvincing) and without destroying the tensility of a really exciting situation.

*Philip Sevilla* (Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND) was a quite deplorable young man who made a hobby of taking ingenuous young women to Paris. It is hinted that he had an interest in the traffic of the Road to Buenos Ayres. When *Colin Derwent* (Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS), a rather sombre young barrister, came to try to persuade him to release the infatuated young *Betty Findon* (Miss CELIA JOHNSON) and looked like making trouble, *Sevilla* gave him a drugged cigarette. (We must allow the author his drugged cigarette; he makes no other undue demands on our indulgence.) *Derwent*



**Variety.****The Palladium.**

I KNOW it is absurdly late to acclaim Mr. GEORGE ROBEY as a truly great comedian, but that is about all one can say after seeing him as a German musician demonstrating a one-man band. It is not a new turn, but it was new to me; and as first-rate fooling it would be difficult to beat. With the Eyebrows and the rest of the famous make-up sunk beneath a Teutonic exterior and a flaxen wig his personality is untouched and remains so strong that I doubt if it matters very much what he does.

A table was covered with small instruments, and on the floor was one of those big brass harmonic cuspidors (a tuba?) swarming with controls and looking, I thought, exceptionally vicious. Mr. ROBEY evidently thought so too, for every time he went to pick it up he shied and rushed back to the table for one of the easier instruments. Which was the joke.

These he exhibited in turn, accompanied partly by the orchestra and partly by a flood of broken English with a flotsam of German. Some of them were very engaging. The triangle is not usually considered to demand grace in the performer, as, for instance, the harp does, but Mr. ROBEY dealt with a chromium isosceles more exquisitely and with much less fuss than the cad EUCLID ever did, who was, after all, a professional. And I question if of late a drum has been punished with such artistic ferocity as this one was—Mr. ROBEY finding the vellum (as they never say in orchestral circles) every time.

After each recital he all but picked up the brass horror from the floor, but he never did. And this was surprisingly effective. His preliminary turn as a stout elderly bride was not nearly so funny.

An easy second was Mr. WILL MORRIS, who did his best with a bicycle which fell to pieces assiduously and got mixed up with his marquee-size clothes. He is a genius at adroit clumsiness. I know him of old, and he never fails to enchant me with his appalling mask and the eerie silence with which he meets catastrophe. It was a supreme moment when he fetched a rake in order to gather his infernal machine together.

Mr. J. SHERMAN FISHER'S Sixteen Palladium Girls get high marks. They were pretty and finished and, what is as important, they gave the impression of enjoying themselves.

The FOUR HARMONY KINGS, col-

oured singers, crooned the usual Southern songs, but also specialise in delightful vocal noises of the ploppy-gurgle family. You know the sort I mean. I should have enjoyed these much more if a loud-speaker which was amplifying them had not been



THE IRRESISTIBLE BRAVO!

Mlle. ANTAROVA AND MONS. NIKITA BALIEFF.

placed a few yards from my seat, so that even a whisper stabbed my eardrum cruelly.

Mr. AL NORMAN is a dancing comedian of marked originality and has such a perfect film-face that I can't think why he is not at Elstree or Hollywood.



HERR GEORG ROBEWITZ.

There were also two other dancing items: Messrs. LEE, LEE, LEE and LEE, who were very watchable and possessed in their pianist an accomplished clown; and Mr. JERRY COE, who was equally agile with or without his accordian. Mr. DAJOS BELA led his FOURTEEN TZIGANES with great energy. The CLEMENS-BELLING COMPANY is not an electric corporation, as

it sounds, but runs a team of astonishing trick poodles. And as for the HOLLS BROTHERS, they played catch with each other, showing remarkable courage and stamina. I am afraid I am never much moved by Mr. WILL HAYS' *Schoolmaster*, but I realise that a lot of people are.

This programme is over-weighted with rather similar dancing numbers; but it is well above the average, moves with real pace, and is sullied by no deep-chested sentimentalities.

ERIC.

**Drake Speaks.**

(New saints'-days for the English calendar—Drake's Day for Plymouth, Bright's Day for Rochdale, or Chamberlain's Day for Birmingham—were suggested by the Bishop of Plymouth (Dr. Masterman) when he lectured before the Historical Association at Torquay last night.)

O GIFTED poets have sung my praise  
With a welter of honeyed rhyme,  
Telling the world of the good old days,  
And England's golden time.  
My statue stands on the Plymouth rock  
Of the dear old Plymouth Hoe,  
And a replica's found in Tavistock,  
Where the moorland breezes blow.

O NOYES and NEWBOLT have told you  
how

I was playing bowls one day,  
And wouldn't engage in a Spanish row  
Until I had finished my play.  
You've heard how I brought the water  
down

From Burror Tor's fair lake  
To the thirsty lips of Plymouth Town,  
That loveth well her DRAKE.

You've heard all this, but when you  
hear

That I have been canonized,  
You'll think of me grinning from ear  
to ear,

With the look that England prized.  
Blunt Admiral—old sea-dog—I was,  
But devil a bit a saint!

I never was that in my life, sweet coz,  
And now I decidedly ain't.

**Advertising Candour.****"IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

To Protect and Preserve your Indigestion  
order your

FORK PIES, SAUSAGES & HASLETS FROM  
— & Co."

Advt. in *Lincoln Paper*.

"Miss Diana Churchill comes into breakfast with Mr. Churchill, who devours the newspapers in silence."

*South African Paper.*

But surely he doesn't swallow everything they print?



"THEY HAD THE CHEEK TO SAY THERE WASN'T A SINGLE ROOM IN THE WHOLE BLASTED PLACE. WE WERE SIMPLY FURIOUS, SO WE TOLD 'EM WHO WE WERE."

"REALLY, AND WHO WERE YOU?"

### Scheduled Ski-ing.

A Captious Letter from St. Isinglas.

I HAVE just had a message from the eternal snows. It is from my cousin Henry, and for eternal please read infernal right away. The wayward fellow writes:

DEAR OLD TROUT,—You may well ask what I'm doing in these parts after splitting a whole cheque-book between the income-tax fiends and the other New Year batteners. But as those comet-shaped things have been floating again in front of Tabby's eyes and I've been feeling rather under the fog, the doctor had bullied us out here almost before we knew for what he described as a fortnight's rest and a little gentle exercise. (Yes, that's what the perisher said.) He insisted on St. Isinglas because he thought everything here was so well organised.

The heck it is.

And yet at first sight it's the most innocent little spot you could imagine. The country's like a great iced cake that's been badly packed, with Mother Nature all out to beat the Christmas-cards and hang the vulgarity. The

village consists entirely of hotels, barbers'-shops and *pâtisseries*, and where the natives live I've never discovered.

That sounds all right, doesn't it? The perfect place for a good laze in the sun. Well, the afternoon we arrived Tabby and I were just saying so over a cup of chocolate in the lounge when an amazing bird bore down on us. "He must be rich to afford all those badges," Tabby whispered, and I swear I thought he was a waiter going out to spend his half-day as a scoutmaster.

But not so.

"Have you been out before?" he demanded fiercely.

"No," said Tabby.

"What about the Test?"

"Didn't you hear?" I asked.

"BRADMAN made too late a cut with his fountain-pen—"

"I mean the ski-ing Test on Thursday," said the Scoutmaster coldly. "I'm the secretary of the St. Isinglas Ski Club and we make a point of getting new members through their preliminaries as soon as possible, so that they don't waste any time before going on the big runs."

That phrase, "the big runs," had a bestial ring about it.

"But we don't belong," Tabby pointed out.

"Oh, yes, you do," said the Scoutmaster—"automatically. Right. I'll put you both down. You'll find it quite easy," and strode masterfully away.

While we were still wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan to wire to Pill for a couple of stiff medical certificates a manly voice chipped in with "My name is Scroggins."

Scroggins' body was muscular and burnt and bore a large moustache. He said: "I run the Isinglas Porcupines. Would you like to come up the Blitzzen with us to-morrow?"

Tabby intimated that she was not quite sure about blood-sports, but he explained patiently that it was one of the local ski-clubs. And he added that the Blitzzen made a splendid day, with only a four-hours' climb.

"You mean four minutes, of course?"

I asked. And then, Tabby throwing one of her strategic mock-faints, we managed to get away to our room, where we had dinner brought us and stayed in hiding for the night. . . .

That'll give you, as it gave us, an inkling of the uncompromising way life is lived here. St. Isinglas must be the nearest thing to a co-ed public

school out of England (except that the food is good). The hotels correspond to the houses, and I imagine ours must be the Schoolhouse.

Naturally everyone is English. A native who came here by mistake last year left as he couldn't make himself understood. Prefects abound, covered in funny stars and diplomas, and however furtive you are you're sure to meet one in the lift occasionally, and each time it means you've joined another study-circle, probably to contemplate Crusted Snow (badge: a purple elephant stemming on a gold field) or Crevasse-Craft (two green emus pecking at a telemark) or something.

The hub of the universe is the hotel notice-board, which appears to be much more necessary to ski-ing than snow. It covers a great deal of the hall and is solid with ultimatums to the various study-circles. These ultimatums are changed every day, though you never see it being done, because the prefects are all made of the stuff that goes out on two skis and a Petit Beurre into the dawn. . . .

We began by putting up a determined resistance to all this, but it takes a bit of doing. After Tabby had bumped her head badly on the stairs saving us from membership of an organisation calling itself the Alligators, she refused to faint any more. And I got tired of waiting until the bar was empty of strong men with a "No-badges-you-cad" look in their eyes, for it meant I never got a drink. So I'm sorry to report that we rather gave in.

Up to date we've managed to limit our insignia to seven each, but tomorrow the Scoutmaster is dragging us with a number of other victims to the top of a nearby precipice and pushing us over the edge.

The drop is broken at regular intervals by stout fir-trees. We shall be too. Anyone alive at the bottom is forced thereafter to wear a loathsome little disc with an animal on it whose name for the moment I forget.

But the awful thing is that, while organised ski-ing is clearly to be avoided (and neither of us shows any aptitude whatever), we're both beginning to get quite excited by the feeling you get of being on a runaway escalator.

Do you think the altitude is affecting our minds?

Your disintegrating Cousin,  
HENRY.

P.S.—I suppose it's *really* discipline that's made us Britons whatever we are?

From what I know of Henry and Tabby their characters are not likely to be permanently impaired. ERIC.



*The Enthusiast.* "AH, MY BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND! HOW DOES ALL THIS STRIKE YOU, MY FRIEND?"

*Friend (first visit).* "BEEN SNOWING, HASN'T IT?"

### A Supernatural Problem.

[News is to hand of a haunted bathroom from which come the sounds of splashing and moans.]

WHEN Lady Hermione walks the night  
With a wringing of hands and fear-  
some screams

And the sleeper wakes in a wild  
affright

Nor turns again to his broken  
dreams,

There is no mistaking that dreadful din  
Described in the tale he has to tell;  
Not even a wireless tuning-in  
Is quite like a spectral yell.

When wicked Sir Guy parades the gloom  
Complete with fetters that clank and  
clang

And one's hair stands up in the haunted  
room

At the eerie note of his hardware's  
bang,

There is no misreading the facts once  
more,

For nothing on earth (or off) con-  
trives

A sound that could ever be taken for  
The rattle of ghostly gyves.

But here is a case where doubts arise;  
Have they heard aright who have  
crossed the path

Of the spook whose ominous enterprise  
Has staked a claim in the family  
bath?

I should ask myself, when his mournful  
tone

Was making the steam-washed  
rafters ring,

Is it really a suffering spirit's moan  
Or the blighter trying to sing?





The Girl. "Now just think of the most awful thing you can say to ANTOINE, and then say it to me." Beauchamp 31.

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Life Through Many Windows.

THE exceptional interest of Dr. GREVILLE MACDONALD's memoirs lies in their strength of conviction and originality of action, taken with a constantly illuminating endeavour to relate the one to the other. *Reminiscences of a Specialist* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 16/-) have the impressiveness of moral scale, the spiritual charm (and occasionally the difficulty of detail) that you would expect from the son and biographer of *George Macdonald and His Wife*. Yet they are full of precise and graphic pictures not only of salient passages in the writer's life but of the more illustrious and idiosyncratic of his contemporaries. He has, rightly, I think, availed himself of his parents' letters from RUSKIN and ROSE LA TOUCHE to give the most intimate as well as the most pathetic account I have yet come across of the master passion of RUSKIN's life. Equally intimate and pathetic are his chapters on his colleague, MORELL MACKENZIE, and the culminating episode of that great throat-specialist's meteoric career—his treatment of the CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK. Other portraits range from OCTAVIA HILL to the Countess MARKIEVICZ, and include TOLSTOY's friend, TCHERTKOFF, a kindly humanitarian who would put a captured flea in a match-box overnight and liberate it on the garden in the morning. The scene shifts from the Manchester and Hammersmith of the writer's childhood to the Haslemere of his retirement, with King's College, a County Lunatic Asylum, the Throat Hospital (Golden Square) and Harley Street intervening. His mother's pious preservation

of Dr. MACDONALD's letters and his of hers, are a notable enrichment of the whole book.

#### An Imperfect Utopia.

Admirers of Professor STEPHEN LEACOCK (in whose number I am proud to be enrolled) will hasten to spend in his company some *Afternoons in Utopia* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 5/-); and they will find in the course of these excursions plenty to stimulate and amuse. The author makes it clear at the start that he has no wish to attempt a comprehensive or connected picture of the world of to-morrow; one of the best things in the book is a skit on the minutely-detailed and wholly impossible Utopia of fiction; his intention is to satirise some present-day tendencies by showing us, in a series of episodes dated a hundred years or so ahead, their (more or less) logical outcome. The result, for all its shrewd wit and spontaneous humour, is something of a disappointment. It would be unreasonable to look for strict uniformity in a book of this kind, but one does expect some sort of coherence, whether of plan or treatment, and it is on these grounds that I am disposed to animadvert on the methods of one who is a professor of political science as well as a humorist. A finely imaginative picture of the horrors of the next war is followed by a purely ludicrous account of the completely mechanical warfare of the still more distant future, while the marvels of manipulative surgery are made the subject of burlesque no less than the pet principles of Communism. This is all harmless enough, but it is irritating for the reader, who has to be constantly changing his point of view and is often in doubt whether he is assisting to attack some serious abuse or merely looking on at a piece of high-spirited fooling.

### Magic and Mysticism.

A strong sense of the lure and bondage of primitive places and of votive impulses bound up with the ritual phases of the seasons endows Miss MARTHA SOUTH'S first novel with curious originality. The human pattern she weaves on two strange backgrounds of Westmorland fell and Breton coast strikes me as a trifle inconsequent towards the end, when a comfortable human destiny is foreshadowed for the last child of a magically illuminated race. *Jinny Michel*, her heroine, inherits the malediction of her father's ancestress, a Moorish girl in the train of TIPHAIN LA FÉE. The house of the fairy wife of DUGUESCLIN is still shown on Mont St. Michel; and from a headland on the opposite coast *Jinny's* paternal ancestresses, all witches or mystics, either accelerated or retarded by the tenour of their lives the righting of some ancient wrong. This at least is the argument of the letter which *Jinny's* father, a fiddler killed on the Somme, leaves for the daughter he relegated to his wife's relations, a daughter who had already felt and renounced the spell of the witches' dancing-floor. How she responds to her father's appeal and how her Westmorland commitments with kinsfolk and lover complicate her already tangled destiny are told with an unusual if somewhat nebulous appreciation of the decorative value of good and evil. The intervention of sober dogma in the person of a pleasant Breton curé is less carefully documented than the Westmorland atmosphere, with the result that *Windshaken Timber* (CONSTABLE, 7/6), while anchored to reality in England, remains oddly adrift in Brittany.

### "A Great and Excellent Historian."

A commemorative volume that is really almost wholly concerned with the great and lovable personality of one of the sanest of recent historians, and hardly more than illustrated by those examples of his own critical and constructive work, which are to be found in its pages, is issued from the MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS as the first instalment of the *Collected Papers of Thomas Frederick Tout* (12/6). The famous authority on mediæval administration, who could open the mysteries of the Great and Small Seals or give a lead to international co-operation in the compilation of *A Catalogue of Alchemical Manuscripts* is here discovered in memoir and introduction as a citizen, a teacher and a friend, in each capacity an exemplar of generous activity and a tower of commonsense. In the building up of a School of History he was at his best and wisest; and, though he admitted that he was compelled to accept the tyranny of examinations as an "inevitable consequence of original sin," it is not his least claim to remembrance that he could break free from the cramping

limits of the fixed syllabus and fashion his professorial work to establish a lasting tradition of service in the genuine advancement of knowledge as the primary duty of any university. His claim to the gratitude of scholars is here enduringly defined.

### Harmonies in Grey.

Those who write stories in the United States of America have the advantage of possessing plenty of material ready to their hand. For there is one world of the cities and another of the small towns, and yet a third of the country; and each one of these is divisible into different categories if you elect to deal with the east or west, the north or south of that wide and fascinating country. Miss WILLA



"D' YOU SERVE LOBSTERS?"

"YESSIR, WE SERVE ANYBODY."

CATHER has, deservedly, a reputation. She can capture the atmosphere of the countryside of the Middle West perhaps more surely than any writer of our day. She prefers to deal chiefly with persons of lowly estate, which explains why she calls her latest book *Obscure Destinies* (CASSELL, 7/6), and she pitches her colour-scheme in a low key. There are no exciting incidents in her volume, no violent scenes of love or passion. The three stories are "Neighbour Rosicky," which gives the life-history of an old Czech farmer who has been warned that his heart may go at any moment; "Old Mrs. Harris," which deals with two or three families living in the small town of Skyline; and "Two Friends," the short history of a political quarrel and how it broke up a friendship of long standing between two business-men. Those who admire artistic treatment and do not object to tones of a sober grey will appreciate Miss CATHER's work.

### The Agonies of a Première.

An ingenious idea this of LORNA REA's to present the hectic and still glamorous traffic of a *First Night* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) through the medium of snatches of conversation in foyer, box-office, auditorium, dressing-room, corridor and restaurant. While Mrs. REA, who knows her theatre, gives the impression of being a literal reporter of things heard, it is obvious that imaginative selection is the real secret of her success. She conveys so much more than she states, can rough in a character with a few vivid lines, and works her scattered *motifs* into a pleasant and coherent pattern. She makes us understand and share the agonies of the distraught author (who is here with his firstling play and more at stake than mere success) and the apprehensions of the entrepreneur, producer, actors and minor officials; we catch glimpses of proud beauties and eccentric notables who have come rather to be seen and heard than to see and hear; of climbers shamelessly angling for recognition by the distinguished; of jealous stars, preoccupied critics, ingenuous flappers, hearty pittites. And we fancy we detect a discreetly-veiled portrait here and there which adds to the interest of this entertaining revue.

### Vikings.

"They came by the edge of the whirlpool and a curving wave took the ship and twisted it inwards. . . . The men clung to the thwarts, but some were hurled into the sea. Then a confusion of waves leapt upon it and broke it and beat it down, and the Swelkie of Stroma sucked the Scarf under, and Erling's crew with it, and drowned them." That was how *The Men of Ness* (CAPE, 7/6) passed their time, and in this manner Mr. ERIC LINKLATER has put together a Norse legend of his own. The flatness of saga-prose, with its brevity of statement and inhuman detachment in the face of catastrophe, is apt to grow monotonous;

but, like the flatness of East Anglia, it has a dangerous fascination which imperceptibly exerts itself. They were hardy folk, the Vikings, hardy feasters and hardy slayers, and their magnificent contempt for life calls out the poet in Mr. LINKLATER, notably in his description of the voyage of the longship *Skua*, which is a splendid and exciting prose-poem.

### Recipes.

I regarded *The Week-End Cookery Book* (THE SONCINO PRESS, 5/-) with some qualings until G. M. BOUMPHREY, in a preface, assured me that it is designed for those who know "absolutely nothing" about cooking and want quickly to remedy this gap in their education. Encouraged by these statements, I set out to study the pages dealing with soups and salads, and promptly decided that those of us who have suffered from our national versions of these refreshments will be grateful for all that has been written for our learning. I should like also to draw the attention of house-wives and house-husbands to page 159, which is concerned with the making of coffee. In this palatable little book we are offered

a sane and practical guide to better eating, and it is set before us in terms that no one can fail to understand.

### All for the Love of a Lady.

Although the silent and self-contained heroes of fiction do not as a rule appeal urgently to me, I followed *Captain Strand's* haps and mishaps, in *Man of Pride* (JOHN LONG, 7/6), with a zest that never flagged. *Strand*, until he cast himself adrift from the reputable shipowners who had employed him, was justifiably proud of his record. Then, in a mood of arrogance, he agreed with *Messrs. Collessi and Trahern*, whose reputation in the

shipping world was none too sweet, to take command of the *Gonzala*. From that moment I began to suspect that pride was going to have a fall; and as the *Gonzala* proceeded on her voyage these suspicions were abundantly confirmed. Women had so far been of no influence in *Strand's* life, but Mr. and Mrs. *Trahern* were passengers in the *Gonzala*, and the ship did not by any means receive her captain's undivided attention. Mr. A. E. WARINGTON is wholly successful in conveying the atmosphere of doom that hovered over the *Gonzala* during this fateful voyage, and his description of the final disasters are impressively told. But whether Mrs. *Trahern* was or was not worthy of the sacrifices which *Strand* made for her is a question that I refuse to answer.

When I'm tired of books of history,  
Memoirs of a noble life,  
Books of murder and of mystery,  
Tales about a peccant wife,  
Novels somewhat sweet and nectary,  
Novels with a nasty touch,  
Give me *Kelly's Street Directory*;  
Nothing calms the mind so much.

